



SYNOPSIS.

George Percival Algernon Jones, vice-president of the Metropolitan Vice-Rug company of New York, thirsting for romance, is in Cairo on a business trip. Horace Ryanne arrives at the hotel in Cairo with a carefully guarded bundle. Ryanne sells Jones the famous holy Thibodes rug which he admits having stolen from a pasha at Bagdad. Jones meets Major Callahan and later is introduced to Fortune Chedsoye by a woman to whom he had loaned 150 pounds at Monte Carlo some months previously, and who turns out to be Fortune's mother. Jones takes Mrs. Chedsoye and Fortune to a polo game. Fortune returns to Jones the money borrowed by her mother. Mrs. Chedsoye appears to be engaged in some mysterious enterprise unknown to the daughter. Ryanne interests Jones in the United Romance and Adventure company, a concern which for a price will arrange any kind of an adventure to order. Mrs. Chedsoye, her brother, Major Callahan, Wallace and Ryanne, as the United Romance and Adventure company, plan a risky enterprise involving Jones. Ryanne makes known to Mrs. Chedsoye his intention to marry Fortune. Mrs. Chedsoye declares she will not permit it. Plans are laid to prevent Jones sailing for home. Ryanne steals Jones' letters and cable dispatches. He wires agent in New York, in Jones' name, that he is sending home in New York a rug and friends. Mohamed, keeper of the holy carpet, is on Ryanne's trail. Ryanne promises Fortune that he will see that Jones comes to no harm as a result of his purchase of the rug. Mohamed accuses Ryanne and demands the Thibodes rug. Ryanne tells him Jones has the rug and suggests the abduction of the New York merchant as a means of securing its return. The rug disappears from Jones' room. Fortune quarrels with her mother when the latter refuses to explain her mysterious actions. Fortune gets a message purporting to be from Ryanne asking her to meet him in a secluded place that evening. Jones receives a message calling him to meet Ryanne at the same place. The same evening, Jones is carried off into the desert by Mohamed and his accomplices and is left in a desperate plight. He discovers that Ryanne and Fortune also are captives, the former is badly battered and unconscious. Ryanne recovers consciousness and the sight of Fortune in captivity reveals to him the fact that Mohamed intends to get vengeance on him through the girl. Fortune acknowledges that she stole the rug from Jones' room. She offers to return it to Mohamed if he will free all three of them. Mohamed agrees to liberate Fortune and one of the men in return for the rug, but returns with the information that Mrs. Chedsoye and her brother have sailed for New York. Fortune spurs offered freedom which does not include her two companions. The caravan continues the journey toward Bagdad. Ryanne tells Jones that Mrs. Chedsoye is the most adroit smuggler of the age, and is overheard by Fortune. The three captives are rescued by Henry Ackermann, who is in charge of a carpet caravan. Mohamed escapes. Mrs. Chedsoye discovers the absence of Fortune and leaves for New York, taking the girl's belongings with her. Fortune forces letters Mrs. Chedsoye, the major and their accomplices take possession of Jones' New York home. Jones, Ryanne and Fortune arrive at Damascus. Ryanne fails in his resolution to lead a better life. Ryanne secretly leaves for New York.

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

George came in under the time-limit of his adventure. He had been upon the most difficult errand imaginable, at least from a bachelor's point of view. He carried two hand-bags. One of these he deposited in Fortune's lap. "Shall I open it?"

"If you wish."



"Everything Will Come Out All Right in the End," He Encouraged.

She noted his embarrassment, and her immediate curiosity was not to be denied. She slipped the catch and looked inside. There were combs and brushes, soap and tooth-powder and talc, a manicure-set, a pair of soft woolen slippers, and . . . She glanced up quickly. The faintest rose stole under her cheeks. It was droll; it was pathetically funny. She would have given worlds to have seen him making the purchases.

"You are not offended?" he stammered.

"Why should I be? I am human; I have slept and lived for days in a dress, and worn my hair down my back for lack of hairpins and combs. I am sure that it is a very nice night-gown."

Laughter overcame her. He laughed, too; not because the situation appealed to him as laughable, but because there was something, an indefinable something, in that laughter of hers that made him wonderfully happy.

"Mr. Jones . . ."

"George," he interrupted determinedly.

"Brother George, it was very kind and thoughtful of you. Not one man in a thousand would have thought of—of . . . hair-pins!" More laughter.

"I didn't think of them; it was the clerk."

"He . . ."

"She."

"Well, then, she will achieve great things," lightly, though her heart was full.

Tactfully he reached over and swept up the money.

"Shall I ever be able to repay you?" she said.

"Yes, by letting me be your brother; by not deciding the future till we land in Naples; by letting me keep in touch with you, whatever your ultimate decision may be. That isn't much. Will you promise that?"

"Yes."

They spoke no more of Ryanne. It was as though he had dropped out of their lives completely. To a certain extent he had. They were to meet him again, however, in the last act of this whimsical drama, which had drawn them both out of the common-place and dropped them for a full spin upon the whirligig of life.

In due time they arrived at Alexandria. There they found the great transatlantic liner, homeward bound. Ryanne would beat them into New York by ten days. He had picked up a boat of the P. & O. line at Port Said, sailing without stop to Marseilles. From there to Cherbourg was a trifling journey.

George knew the captain, and the captain not only knew George, but had known George's father before him. The young man went to the heart of the matter at once; and when he had finished his remarkable tale, the captain lowered his cigar.

"And all this happened in the year 1909-1910! If any one but you, Mr. Jones, had told me this, I'd have sent him ashore as a lunatic. You have reported it?"

"What good would it do? We are out of it, and that's enough. More, we do not want any one to know what we've been through. If the news-

papers got hold of it, there would be no living."

"You leave it to me," said the big-hearted German. "From here to Naples she shall be as mine own daughter. You have not told me all!"

"No; only what I had of necessity to tell."

"Well, you know best. I shall do my share to make her feel at home. She is as pretty as a flower."

To this George agreed, but not verbally.

The steamer weighed anchor at six

o'clock that evening, with only a

handful of passengers for the trip to

Naples. George had wired from Da-

mascus to Cairo to have his luggage

sent on, and he saw it put aboard him-

self. Without letting Fortune know,

he had also telegraphed the hotel to

forward whatever she had left; but

the return wire informed him that

Mrs. Chedsoye had taken everything.

They were leaning against the star-

board rail, watching the slowly con-

The pet from Carp Bagdad

by HAROLD MAC GRATH
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The MAN ON THE BOX etc.
Illustrations by M.G. KETTNER
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Fortune's room. This settled, Fortune went down to the cavernous entrance to bid George good night. They were both diffident and shy, now that the great problem was solved. George was puzzled as to what to do in bidding her good night, and Fortune wondered if he would kiss her right here, before all these horrid cab-drivers.

"I shall call for you at nine," he said. "We've got to do some shopping."

A tinkle of laughter.

"These ready-made suits are beginning to look like the deuce."

"Do you always think of every-

thing?"

"Well, what I don't remember, the clerk will," slyly. "Till recently I believe I never thought of anything. I must be off. It's too cold down here for you." He offered his hand nervously.

She gave her's freely. He looked

into her marvelous eyes for a mo-

ment. Then he turned the palm up-

ward and kissed it, lightly and lov-

ely; and she drew it across his face,

over his eyes, till it left in departing

a caress upon his forehead. He stood

up, breathing quickly, but not more so

than she. A little tableau. Then he

jammed his battered fedora upon his

head and strode up the Corso. He

dared not turn. Had he done so, he

must have gone back and taken her in

his arms. She followed him with

brave eyes; she saw him suddenly

veer across the street and pause at the

parapet. It was then that she be-

came conscious of the keenness of

the night-wind. She went in. Some-

how, all earth's puzzles had that night

been solved.

George lighted a cigar, doubtless

the most costly weed to be found in

all Naples that night. The intermit-

tent glowing of the end faintly out-

lined his face. Far away across the

shimmering bay rose Capri in a kind

of magic, amethystine transparency.

A light or two twinkled where Sorren-

to lay. His gaze roved the half-circle,

and finally rested upon the grim dark

ash-heep, Vesuvius. Beauty, beauty

everywhere; beauty in the sky, beauty

upon earth, in his heart and mind. He

was twenty-eight, and all these won-

derful things had happened in a little

more than so many days!

"God's in his heaven,

All's right with the world!"

He flung the half-finished cigar into

the air, careless as to where it fell,

or that in falling it might set Naples

on fire. It struck a roof somewhere

below; a splutter of sparks, and all

was dark again.

"I shall come." All through his

dreams that night he heard it. "I

shall come."

Next morning he notified the cap-

tain to retain their cabins. After that

they proceeded to storm the shops.

cis. These were pretty, and, being models, quite inexpensive. Once, George was forced to remain outside in the carriage. It was in front of the lingerie shop. He put away each receipt, just like a husband upon his honeymoon. Later, receipts would mean as much, but from a different angle of vision. He bought so many violets that the carriage looked as though it were ready for the flower carnival. He laughingly disregarded her protests. It was the Song of Songs.

"My shopping is done," she said at last, dropping the bundles upon the carriage floor. "Now, it is your turn."

"You have forgotten a warm steam-

er-cloak," he reminded her.

"So I have!"

This oversight was easily remedied; and then George sought the tailor-

shops for ready-made clothes. He had more difficulty than Fortune; ready-

made suits were not the easiest things to find in Naples. By noon, however,

he had acquired a Scotch woolen for day wear and a fairly decent dinner

suit, along with other necessities.

"Well, I say!" he murmured, struck by a revealing thought.

"Have you forgotten anything?"

"No. On the contrary, I've just re-

membered something. I've got all I need or want in my steamer-trunk;

and till this minute I never once

thought of it."

How they laughed! Indeed, so high

were their spirits that they would

have laughed at any inconsequent

thing. They lunched at the Gam-

brinus, and George mysteriously

bought up all the pennies from the

lunchback tobacco vendor. Later, as

they bowed along the sea-front,

George created a small riot by fling-

ing pennies to small boys and whining

beggars. At five they went aboard the

ship, which was to leave at sundown,

some hours ahead of scheduled time.

The captain himself welcomed them

as they climbed the swaying ladder.

There were a hundred first-class pas-

sengers for the final voyage. The two,

however, still sat at the right and left

of the captain; but the table was

filled, and they maintained a guarded

prattle. Every one at once assumed

that they were a bridal couple, and

watched them with tolerant amuse-

ment. The captain had considerate-

ly left their names off the passenger

list as published for the benefit of

the passengers and the saloon-sitting.

So they moved in a sort of mystery

which rough weather prevented being

solved.

One night, when the sea lay calm

and the air was caressingly mild,

George and Fortune had gone forward

and were leaning over the starboard

rail where it meets and joins the

forward beam-rail. They were watching

for the occasional flicker of phosphor-



They Stormed the Shops; Irresponsible Children, Beth of Them.

They were like March hares; irrespon-

sible children, both of them. What

did propriety matter? What meaning

had circumspection? They two were

all alone; the rest of the world didn't

count. It never had counted to either

of them. Certainly they should have

gone to a parsonage; Mrs. Grundy

would prudently have suggested it.

The trivialities of convention, how-

ever, had no place at that moment in

their little Eden. They were a law un-

to themselves.

Into twenty shops they went; mo-

dests after modesty was interviewed;

and Fortune at length found two mod-

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

He Hadn't the Heart to Do It.

Grouchy Patron—Goodness, man! Why don't you rid this place of flies? There must be a million of them!

Restaurant Proprietor—Sorry, sir, but I can't. Kind of a sentiment, you see. The money that gave me my start here came as a prize in a contest in which I swatted 3,646 more flies than my nearest competitor—Puck.

CHAPTER XX.

March Hares.

George, in that masterful way which was not wholly acquired, but which had been a latency till the episodic journey—George paid for the dinner, called the head-waiter and thanked him for the attention given it, and laid a generous tip upon the cover. From the dining-room the two young people, outwardly calm but inwardly filled with the Great Tumult, went to the manager's bureau and arranged for

"Now, Fortune, I am giving you permission to call me by that name."

"Why . . ."

"Have it!"

"No."

"Then I give you that permission

now."